

In Recital

Erika Vogel, soprano

assisted by

Roger Admiral, piano

Friday, April 1, 2005 at 8:00 pm

Studio 27

Fine Arts Building



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Wake, my Adonis, do not die (1669)

Charles Coleman
(1605-1664)

From *Don Quixote* (1694-1695)

Rosy Bowers

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

From *Orpheus Britannicus* (1683)

Bess of Bedlam

From **7 Frühe Lieder** (Seven Early Songs) (1894-1903)

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)

1. Mein Herz das ist ein tiefer Schacht

4. Waldesnacht

6. Mannesbängen

7. Deinem Blick mich zu bequemen

Gretchen Am Spinnrade (1814)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Intermission - 5 minutes

From **Canciones Amatorias** (1905)

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

I. Descubrase el pensamiento de mi secreto cuidado

IV. Mira que soy Nina

Ah, lo prevedi! K.272 (1777)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Vogel.

Ms Vogel is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate).

Translations

1. Mein Herz das ist ein tiefer Schacht/My heart is a bottomless pit

(Anonymous)

My heart is a bottomless pit; my loved one probes it day and night, searching for its precious ore. As she knocks upon the rocks a little song rises up, joyful from my heart. Day and night and night and day, undeterred she chips away, my loved one glad and cheerful. Bottomless, though, is the pit, and if you think you've emptied it, go deeper down.

4. Waldesnacht/Forest in the Night

(Paul Heyse)

Forest in the night, wondrous cool, a thousand times welcome; after the noisy bustle of the world, how sweet is your rustling! Dreamily I rest my tired limbs on the soft moss and I feel the maddening pains subsiding. Distant sounds of flutes, recede. You stir a longing, leading my thoughts into the beckoning, (alas!) unreachable distance. May the forest in the night appease me, take away my suffering, and a blissful peace of mind I am breathing in with the scented air. In the secret and secluded places you feel at home, my turbulent heart, and peace descends with silent beating of the wings. Sing, gracious songs of the birds, sing me gently to sleep. Maddening pains, dissolve; turbulent heart, good night.

6. Mannesbängen/A man's Anxiety

(Richard Dehmel)

You mustn't think I am afraid of you. Only when you ask with your shy eyes for happiness, and when you run your quivering hands like daggers through my hair and my head is resting on your thighs – you, unprotected, and I tremble before you.

7. Deinem Blick mich zu bequemen/Yielding to your glance

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Yielding to your glance, your lips, your breast, listening to your voice, this was my last and first delight. Yesterday it was my last, alas! then light and fire were spent. Every jest that gave me joy will now be costly and laden with guilt. Until Allah pleases to [re] unite us, sun, moon and world will only make me weep.

(Translations: Ursula Riniker)

Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My bosom urges itself
Toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

(Translation: Lynn Thompson)

**I. Descubrase el pensamiento de mi secreto
cuidado/Let me unveil the thought of
my secret love**

(Victor Rodriguez)

Let me unveil the thought
of my secret love,
and reveal my anguish,
my life of suffering.
My passion is not new;
already I've suffered endlessly.
I am servant to a lady
who has forgotten my servitude.
Her beauty enthralled me,
and her shining face
is set in my soul.
Ah! Woe is me
who gazed on her
only to live in grief,
to weep and lament
glories of times gone by.
Ah! She has forgotten my servitude

IV. Mira que soy Nina/Look, I am but a child
(Victor Rodriguez)

Look, I am but a child. Love, let me be!
Ah, for I shall die!
Gently, love, thwart not my desire,
do not wish me harm.
Since you wish me well,
suffice it to see me
without drawing near.
Ah, for I shall die!

Do not now be forward for the sake of it.
Be grateful
to the one who adores you,
lest you tarnish
my love and your faith.
Ah, for I shall die!
Look, I am but a child ...

(Translations: Jacqueline Cockburn)

Ah, lo prevedi!/Ah! I foresaw this!

(VA Cigna-Santi)

Ah! I foresaw this!

Unhappy prince, with that same sword
that saved me, you pierced your breast.
(to Eristeus)

Why did you not prevent this terrible carnage?
Why, cruel man, were you not moved to pity for
suffering man?
What tiger gave you suck?
Where were you born?
Ah, flee from my sight!

Ah, flee from my sight,
base spirit, unkind heart!
By heaven, you are the cause
of the torment that I suffer.
Away with you, cruel, heartless one!
Go, live among the wild beasts.
(Eristeus leaves.)

Woe is me! I rage in vain,
while my beloved lies in a pool of his own blood.
To what use, Perseus, did you put that sword?
You saved my life but lately, now you slay me.
With his blood, alas, his noble soul
has already left his wounded breast.
Unhappy me!
Darkness has fallen upon my eyes,
and my heart grows faint with anguish.
Oh, depart not, beloved shade,
I would be one with you.
Upon the brink
pause, pause for just a moment
while sorrow ends my life!

Oh, do not cross that stream,
soul of my soul.
To Lethe's further shore
I, your shadow, your companion,
would accompany you.

(Translation DECCA)